

Save Your Eyes

Simple Home Treatment Will Enable You to Throw Away Your Glasses.

"How to Save the Eyes" is the title of a FREE BOOK

At last the good news can be published. It is predicted that within a few years eyeglasses and spectacles will be so scarce that they will be regarded as curiosities.

Throughout the civilized world there has, for several years, been a recognized movement by educated medical men, particularly eye experts, toward treating sore, weak or strained eyes rationally. The old way was to fit a pair of glasses as soon as the eyes were found to be strained. These glasses were nothing better than crutches. They never overcome the trouble, but merely give a little relief while being worn and they make the eyes gradually weaker. Every wearer of eyeglasses knows that he might as well expect to cure rheumatism by leaning upon a walking stick.

The great masses of sufferers from eye strain and other curable optic disorders have been misled by those who were making fortunes out of eyeglasses and spectacles.

Get Rid of Your Glasses

Dr. John L. Corish, an able New York physician of long experience, has come forward with the edict that eyeglasses must go. Intelligent people everywhere are endorsing him. The Doctor says that the ancients never disfigured their facial beauty with goggles. They employed certain methods which have recently been brought to the light of modern science. Dr. Corish has written a marvelous book entitled "How to Save the Eyes," which tells how they may be benefited, in many cases, instantly. There is an easy home treatment which is just as simple as it is effective, and it is fully explained in this wonderful book, which will be sent free to any one. A postal card will bring it to your very door. This book tells you why eyeglasses are needless and how they may be put aside forever. When you have taken advantage of this information obtained in this book you may be able to throw your glasses away and should possess healthy, beautiful, soulfully expressive, magnetic eyes that indicate the true character and win confidence.

Bad Eyes Bring Bad Health

Dr. Corish goes further. He asserts that eyestrain is the main cause of headaches, nervousness, irritability, neurasthenia, brain fog, sleeplessness, stomach disorders, despondency and many other disorders. Leading oculists of the world confirm this and say that a vast amount of physical and mental misery is due to the influence of eyestrain upon the nerves and brain cells. When eyestrain is overcome these ailments usually disappear as if by magic.

Free to You

The Okola Method, which is fully explained in Dr. Corish's marvelous book, is the method which is directed at making your eyes normal and saving them from the disfigurement of these needless, unpleasant glass windows. If you wear glasses or feel that you should be wearing them, or if you are troubled with headache in the forehead or nervousness when your eyes are tired, write today to Okola Laboratories, Dept. 394A, Rochester, N. Y., and ask them to send you postage prepaid, free of all charge, the book entitled "How to Save the Eyes," and you will never regret the step taken.

MARK

both aren't awfully tired. They're no end heavy. Thanks a lot. Goodnight."

"Not at all, Sir. Thank you, Sir. Goodnight, Sir."

"I like them a lot," Mark commented on the retreating figures. "They're so simple and straightforward and obliging, and they say just what they mean without beating around the bush. Now I'll go and look for Priscilla."

"She has probably gone home," said Jacqueline Campbell.

"Oh," said Mark blankly, and the radiance died in his face. "Do you think so?" He stood quite still, like a bewildered child whose proffered gifts had been laughed to scorn, and Priscilla's heart smote her.

NO foolish pride of hers should stamp that look on Mark's face! The grieved, betrayed child was standing silent with his rejected gifts still in his hands, and her whole soul flew to the rescue. She scrambled recklessly to her feet and took a long breath. Then, "I'm here," she announced faintly. There was a moment's petrified silence, and then Mark's triumphant voice rang out: "It's Priscilla! I knew she was here."

"Wait a minute," said Priscilla. "I'm coming out."

The green leaves parted with a horrid rattle, there was the sound of something rending, and out she came, praying fervently that she did not look so supremely miserable as she felt. The ghastly silence was broken by Mark's delighted laughter.

"I say, what a ripping place! How on earth did you find it, Priscilla?"

"I just saw it," said Priscilla.

"How interesting!" murmured Charteris, and behind the mask of his irony Priscilla fancied that she saw penetrating amazement and still more penetrating disappointment.

"Jacqueline, do you know Miss Hampden? Miss Campbell, Miss Hampden. Is it impertinent to ask what you were doing in the ripping place?"

"I was hiding," said Miss Hampden, and felt the ruddy flames of outraged embarrassment engulf her from head to foot. How loathsome the truth could sound! But how could she—how could she say to this Caesar with the mocking smile, this Jacqueline with the cruel mouth, that she had been hiding in a cave near the North Pole because Mark had gone to dig up the provisions that some intrepid explorers had buried for future use and she was afraid that these same intrepid and outraged explorers might find her? It might be the truth, but right there she drew the line. Caesar could think what he pleased, but he should never know how silly she had been.

"Hiding?" repeated Jacqueline amiably, and at the sheer insolence of her mouth Priscilla went white. "Dear me, how quaint!"

"We were playing a game," explained Mark eagerly. "We were trying to get away from—"

"Mark," Priscilla cut in ruthlessly, "I am a little tired. Will you take me back to Mother?"

"Are you going?" exclaimed Mark incredulously.

"I'm not very hungry," said Priscilla. "But if you'll come to tea tomorrow at four, I'll play. Goodnight, Lord Charteris."

"Goodnight," repeated Charteris slowly.

"I don't want him for tea," Priscilla told herself passionately. "I won't have him!"

Ahead she said, "You, too, if you would care to."

"Thank you," said Charteris, "I should."

"Of course, I should be glad to see you too, Miss Campbell," said Priscilla desperately.

"And I should be glad to come," replied Jacqueline Campbell. "You are generous, Miss Hampden. Goodnight."

"At five, then," Priscilla said firmly and distinctly.

Lord Charteris raised his eyebrows. "Five? I am afraid that I can't come after four. Will that be too early?"

"No," replied Priscilla mendaciously, and despatched herself for a coward. "It will be very nice. After all, Mark, I think that I had rather go alone. Please don't come."

She could feel his hurt eyes on her as she went toward the door, and she turned toward him, relenting.

"Come at three," she said in a swift undertone, and Mark laughed his relief.

"Rather!" he cried joyously. "I wanted to talk to you alone awfully. What a dear you are!"

And Priscilla fled before the set mockery of Caesar's face.

CHAPTER V. The Plot Unfolds

THE doorbell! Priscilla sank back in the great armchair with a little sigh of content. Mark had not gone to sleep this time,

apparently: the clock had barely finished striking three, and she could hear his feet on the stairs. It was absurd that she should be so glad to see him after so brief a space; but the absurdity was a fact. She literally missed this boy whom she had met for the first time two days before—she literally longed to see him. He was fresh air and clean water to her parched little soul. It was as though some wild flower had been planted, at a millionaire's caprice, in the unsought shelter of a greenhouse, and, swaying in the tepid air of a conservatory, had forgotten its heritage of all outdoors; and then, one day, some careless hand had broken one of the dusty panes, and in through the little opening had poured all the wealth of blue sky and golden sun and madcap breezes and the smell of the sturdy, green, growing things—in through the broken pane had poured all its lost heritage! Small wonder that the little flower strained eagerly toward the opening; small wonder that she strained, too!

There was a hand at the door. It opened, and through the opening strode Mark, with all the lost heritage in his hands, and all the joy of the world at his heels. And Priscilla forgot dignity and decorum and maidenly reticence—forgot everything in the world save that he was her playmate and that she was glad, glad, glad to see him—and flew across the long room on wings to meet those outstretched hands.

"I've been sitting on your front doorstep for fifteen minutes," announced Mark. "You can't think how everybody stared!"

"Oh, can't I?" jeered Priscilla happily.

"May I ask why you took up your abode on my front doorstep for fifteen minutes?"

"Because you didn't ask me till three, and I didn't want to lose a second. It wasn't half bad, anyway. It's a glorious day, and the jolliest little yellow kitten came and played with me."

"You must have made a charming rural scene!" laughed Priscilla. "But I'm glad you aren't late. Sit down, and let's begin right away."

"Begin what?" inquired Mark, obediently sitting down.

"Why, playing, of course! How can you be so stupid, Mark?"

"I don't know," said Mark. "That yellow kitten was the jolliest little beggar, Priscilla!"

"Was he?" said Priscilla unhelpfully.

"You'd just love him!"

"Would I?" Priscilla remarked unemotionally. She was slightly irritated that Mark should be so obviously more absorbed in a mere yellow kitten than in her intensely interesting self.

"Don't you like kittens?" Mark demanded in pained astonishment.

"Sometimes," she replied coldly.

Mark smiled at her ingratiatingly. "Oh, Priscilla, wouldn't you like one now? It wouldn't take me two minutes—and it's so little and fat! It would make the most gorgeous polar bear!"

Priscilla melted before that smile. "Of course I'd love it," she said graciously. "And it will add an immense amount of local color as a polar bear. Only do be quick, Mark!"

A TORNADO swept across the room and crashed down the stairs. There was a respite of as much as thirty seconds after the front door was flung open, its hinges squeaking frantically; then there was a reverberating bang, and the tornado started on its upward rush. It entered the still, green room as tempestuously as it had left it, and deposited a yellow kitten in Priscilla's lap. She caught up the palpitating, furry mite, its small ears flattening and its topaz eyes glinting, with a pitiful little cry.

"Oh, Mark, what a darling! It's such a little, little thing!"

"I love little things," said Mark gravely, and he stroked the kitten with an experimental forefinger. "The littler they are the better I love them. Is your mother better, Priscilla?"

"No, she's worse," laughed Priscilla. "Was it thinking of little things that reminded you of her? She's suffocating upstairs now, poor dear, with sheer excitement."

"I'm always suffocating with excitement," confessed Mark. "Living is the most exciting thing there is. Do you mind if I sit on the floor? All these chairs are so dreadfully little."

"I thought that you loved little things," mocked Priscilla.

"That's when they're alive," explained Mark serenely, from the floor; "but I love big things, too—the sea, and the wind, and the mountains—"

"I should say that you loved everything!"

she laughed; but there was an ache in her throat.

"I should say that I did, too," agreed Mark. "But, do you know, it's nearly always the little things that are the biggest. Felicity was tiny,—she was tinier than you are,—but Sir said that one of her hands held all the joys of life, and the other all the mysteries of death; that her two lips were the gates to Paradise, and that her two eyes were Paradise itself. Which do you think is bigger, Priscilla, the Kensington Museum or a baby, the dome of St. Peter's or a star?"

"I think—I think that Felicity must have been the happiest woman in the world. Do you look like her, Mark?"

"No, I don't look like anyone. Felicity said that I just looked the way she wanted me to. She said that she dreamed I'd look like me—before she ever saw me, you know. Sometimes I think that's all I am,—just Felicity's dreams."

PRISCILLA held the kitten very tight, and fought desperately against the sudden, urgent desire to cry that clutched at her throat like a cruel hand. Her playmate was sitting at her feet, not a hand's breadth away, and yet she felt more lonely than she had ever felt in all her lonely little life. There he sat, most friendly, most radiant, most dear; yet it was as though that clear voice came to her across the tumult of a thousand years, as though that dear face smiled at her through the mists of a thousand leagues. The room was very still. Priscilla held her breath, and stared at her playmate with great, terrified, impotent eyes. Then she broke the terrible silence into a million bits with a little, shivering laugh.

"How clever of you to make all her dreams come true! But what are we going to play? We are wasting minutes and minutes, Mark! If we aren't careful it will be hours and hours and hours!"

"Give me my kitten, and I'll tell you," demanded Mark.

"It's my kitten," retorted Priscilla, and the terror was gone from her eyes. In its place shone the unquestioning adoration of a little maid for her hero, and the protective adoration of a mother for her child, and the dear, joyous camaraderie of one playmate for another, and deep, deep, deep in their furthest depths stirred that which was a welding and a blending of the three—deep in their unstirred love.

"Put it on the floor," urged Mark; "the we'll see whose kitten it is. Play fair, Priscilla! There!"

The yellow morsel shook itself and staggered experimentally out into the green sea of carpet.

"There!" cried Mark triumphantly, his face flaming with excitement. "It's coming to me, Priscilla! Priscilla, look! It likes me best, and it's coming straight to me!"

There was no doubt about it—the kitten was rapidly advancing on wavering, unsteady legs, growing more confident at every step. There was a scurry of flying white, and Priscilla caught it up with a little crow of triumph.

"There!" she announced defiantly, holding it close to her neck. "You can't have it. It wanted to come to me all the time."

Mark made for her with an indignant shout of laughter, and from the doorway there came an answering ripple. Priscilla lifted startled eyes to meet the mocking ones of Jacqueline Campbell.

"Bravo, Miss Hampden!" she applauded softly. "I hold it most excellent strategy uncompromisingly to seize what will not come to you. Oh, pray don't rise! I fear that I am a trifle late."

To be continued next Sunday

À LA GOTHAM

WHEN the general manager of one of the western branches of the Bell Telephone Company was in New York recently he told this story of a Salt Lake City telephone girl.

In the Central office there was one hello girl who was always late in the morning. Time and time again the local manager pleaded with her to be more prompt; but her tardiness still continued, until he was moved to use desperate methods.

"Now, Miss Miller," said he as he came to her exchange board one morning carrying a package in his hands, "I have a little scheme that I hope will induce you to arrive at the office on time. I have bought this time alarm clock for you. Please promise me that you will make proper use of it."

The young woman promised, and the first night set the alarm at the required hour for rising the next morning. At the indicated hour the clock set up a tremendous whirring, loud enough to awaken the whole house. But the sleepy little hello girl turned over in bed and said in her sweetest tone:

"Line's busy; call again, please."